Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
Iu: That may be sir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.
Iu: What must be shalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer,
Iu: To tell you that were to confesse to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me,
Iul: I will confesse to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.
Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Iu: The teares haue got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par: Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.
Iu: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou hast slaundred it.
Iu: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure holy Father now:
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fr: My leasure serues me pensiue daughter now,
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par: God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,
Fr: Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,

On

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay *Iuliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,
VVhich craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this shame,
That coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,
VVith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deerest *Romeo*.
Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze

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